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THE TWO EPISTLES.

The Angel's Address,

OR

THE GLORIOUS MESSAGE.

COMMANDED TO BE SENT

TO

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

JULY 21st, 1864.

BY JAMES JAMES.

"Hath He said it, and will He not do it?
Hath He spoken, and will He not perform?"

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PREFACE.

Be it now known by the whole nation, that the Angel of the Lord was sent to this afflicted people, with a glorious message, in the seventh month, on the twenty-first day of the month.

And the Angel commanded me, saying: "Now write, send these words to the Chief of this nation, and he will proclaim them to the people."

Be it now known, O people, that I have done all I was commanded to do; that all the words spoken to me by the Angel were written and sent to the Chief, on the self-same day that they were delivered to me by the Angel.

And now, this is the ninth month, and the twenty-first day of the month, and the glorious message hath not been given to the nation, but hath been kept back from the people: But Hear now, O Nation of sinners, I am commanded to take the glorious message from your Chief, and set it on the candle-stick of the nation, that it may shine over the whole land, giving light and life to all the whole people.

THE TWO EPISTLES.

THE ANGEL'S ADDRESS,

OR

THE GLORIOUS MESSAGE,

COMMANDED TO BE SENT TO

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

JULY 21, 1864.

James, A Servant who watcheth and prayeth for the people, to thee O Chief, and to all the people, be Grace, Mercy, and Peace.

The Angel of the Lord is with Thee, to bring forth this people, out of the furnace of affliction, to bring them to God who will forgive them, and estab ish them in peace.

In anguish of soul for the woes of this people,
In darkness of Midnight, I wander'd abroad,
From dwellings of men, I escap'd to the mountain,
To pray, and to plead, and to wrestle with God.

I fled to the Mountain, to God with my burthen,
The people's afflictions o'er whelmed me there,
In darkness of night, from the top of the Mountain,
To the God of our Fathers I offer'd this Prayer.

My Father, My Father, I plead for this Nation,
Our Strength, and our Helper, on Thee we rely,
Midst death, and destruction, be Thou our salvation,
Oh Help, ere we perish, Oh Help, ere we die.

I sank to the earth, with the grief of this people,
In darkness, in Helplesness, prostrate I lay,
Then suddenly came, a sweet voice to me speaking,
And these are the words which the Angel did say.

"The Lord He hath Heard all thy cries and thy pleading,
Thy prayers, and thy tears, they are kept on record,
His Angel is sent now, at thy interceding,
To Speak to a people that fears not the Lord.

The Lord hath been kind to this backsliding people,
He planted, He water'd them, made them to grow,
He gave them great increase, exalted their station,
And made them the Chief of the Nations below.

But they have forsaken the God of their Fathers,
And trusted in Riches, and Honour, and Power,
Now they are forsaken, and left to their Idols,
Forsaken by God in this perilous hour.

The cry of their Sins hath ascended to Heaven,
The cup of their wickedness now overflows,

The Image of God, they enslav'd, and dishonour'd
Now God in His vengeance break forth on His foes.

The Lord hath commanded, His Angel is slaying,
In blindness the people for Idols will fight,
Were it not for a remnant the Lord is preserving,
He would blot this whole people clean out of His sight.

But hear this, O remnant, ye have not been perfect,
How long have ye wink'd at oppression, and wrong,
In weakness you lean'd to their Idols accursed,
In the strength of your Maker you would not be strong.

You lean'd on a reed that's accursed and broken,
And now in your trouble, you call on the Lord,
Now hear ye, O remnant, the Lord hath thus spoken,
O give ear to your maker, attend to His word.

Thus says the Almighty, return from your Idols,
And put the accursed thing out of the land,
The Lord, is your Helper, and none will be able,
To pluck those that trust in Him out of His Hand.

Be strong, and courageous, firmly united,
Go forth in the Name, in the Strength of the Lord,
The Lord will go with you, and fight for your Armies,
And punish all those that rebel at His word.

The Lord will root out the great abomination,
The accurst thing that caused His people to sin,
His people no longer, divided and broken,
He will heal them, unite them, and bind them in one.

The Lord He will build, He will strengthen this
Nation.
(Our refuge, our hiding place, Nations will sing,)
The Lord hath anointed, appointed this people,
To bring the whole earth to the Lord as their King.

The Lord will give peace,that will never be broken,
Though Satan and All His Dominions assail,
Though the Kings of the Earth should be leagued
together,
'Gainst the Lord and His people they will not pre-
vail.

And woe, to the power of darkness that cometh,
And setteth, and planteth, a snare in the land,
The Lord will uproot it, the Lord will dethrone it,
And bring it to nought by His people's Right Hand.

Now write, send these words to the Chief of this,
Nation,
And He will proclaim them, and publish abroad,
That an Angel is sent to deliver this people.
To give them a peace, that's established by God".

The Angel ceas'd speaking, the words were deliv-
er'd,
And fix'd in my memory, engrav'd on my Heart,
The Angel now touch'd me, and strengthened me,
saying,
Arise now, and fear not, and then did depart.

I rose from the earth, in our Helper rejoicing,
I sang forth the praises of God in that Hour,

Our Strength, our Redeemer, our Helper, our Glory,
To Him be all Glory, and Honour, and power.

In darkness of night, I came down from the mountain,
To write to this Nation, the words of the Lord,
So now, I have written His word to this people,
And they will be sav'd by obeying His word.

Hear now, and give ear, O Thou Chief of this nation,
Be strong, and courageous, aud trust in the Lord,
His Angel is with thee, to guide thee, and Help thee,
To bring this whole people in peace to their God.

Written to Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States of America, from Albany, by James James, in the seventh month on the twenty-first day of the month in the year of our Lord Eighteen Hundred and sixty-four.

THE SECOND EPISTLE

TO

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

SENT

ON THE 9TH OF AUG., 1864.

James, A Servant who prayeth for the people, to thee, O Chief, and to all the people, be Grace Mercy, and Peace.

And now, in my Zeal, I come unto thee, saying, is it a small thing, O Chief, to keep back the Heavenly message from this afflicted people, See Now, that thou do all that is commanded by the Angel of the Lord, that it may be well with thee, with this people, and with this Nation.

Did Moses put the rod before the people, and touch the rock, and bring forth water, wilt thou put the word before the people, and touch the Heart, and bring forth peace.

Remember Moses at the Rock, and see that thou, with a willing Heart, and a willing mind, give all the words of the Glorious Message, to this affiicted people.

Written to Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States of America, from Albany, by James James, in the Eighth month, on the ninth day of the month, in the year of our Lord Eighteen Hundred and sixty four.

Albany N.Y.
Aug. 5 - 67.

R. Rue

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